

Stevensville Blues

STEVENSVILLE BLUES 5107 A1

Bill Jackson Arvin, 1941

My name is old Bill Stryker I was not raised in town For nineteen years and over I rambled
this world round Ate corn-bread and molasses Slept on a naked hill Didn't know what
sufferin' was Till I came to Stevensville.

Landed there December Nineteen and seventeen Landed on Clear Boggy That good old
runnin' stream Down came a walking skeleton A-clamberin' down the hill And he asked me
into his hotel The best in Stevensville.

I was to rise next morning To catch an early train Says, "Young man, you'd better stay, We
have some land to drain Give you a dollar and a half a day, Pay board and washing bills
You'll find yourself a different kid When you leave old Stevensville."

He fed me on corn dodgers As hard as any rock Till my teeth began to loosen My knees
began to knock I got so poor and skinny I couldn't climb a hill Indeed, I was a different kid
When I left Stevensville.

They fill my heart with pity As I roam up and down the brook To see them old Stevensville
boys With turtles on their hook Them being scarcely able To drag 'em up the hill To help
support the tables In the homes of Stevensville.

STEVENSVILLE BLUES 5107 A1

Library of Congress

If you want to know him C. T. Walls is his name
Down in his boots He's tall as any crane
His hair hangs down in rat-tails His clothes he doesn't fill
He is the best one Of the gents of
Stevensville.

Goodbye to the old swamp angels The cane-brakes and the hills
Goodbye to Mr. Walls
The boss of Stevensville If ever I see that place again I says to S. M. Dill
It'll be through a
mighty telescope Far off from Stevensville.